

## DOCTOR • WHO

MAGAZINE

INSIDE

TORCHWOOD

*Captain Jack gets his own series*

SEASON SURVEY RESULTS

*The best and worst of Series One*

A GROATSWORTH OF WIT

*The start of a brand-new comic strip*

THE UNQUIET DEAD

*What the Dickens was going on?*WIN!  
SERIES ONE  
ON DVD!*Farewell to the*NINTH  
DOCTOR

**SPECIAL ISSUE!** *We bid a fond goodbye to Christopher Eccleston's fantastic Time Lord – plus a special report from his last day on set...*



9 770957 981011



we're  
through, uncle  
bloodfinger!

yes, there's  
good *sport* here, my  
boy... somewhere in this  
timber city of *london*...  
let us *go down*!

I'LL *PHEEZE*  
YOU, I'FAITH!  
BRING ME  
SMALL ALE!

A *POX*  
ON YOU,  
JOHN  
NAPS!

how *delightful*,  
uncle! these creatures  
are *filthy*... and so  
*stupid*! can i *play*  
with them?

calmly,  
*woodscrape*.  
we only need  
*one*...

i can feel our  
target's thoughts...  
his *death* is near.  
along here...

but there's  
*so much* death  
here, uncle. plague,  
strife, bright  
fires and *lovely*  
executions...

you must learn *patience*,  
*woodscrape*. these ones are *dross*, mere  
morsels. their emotions are pitifully *weak*  
and ordinary. *snacks* at best.

*MAMMET*,  
YOU HAVE WELL  
BEHAVED  
YOURSELF!

BANDOG AND  
BEDLAM, I'LL TAKE  
*YE* DOWN!

ahhh! *here*  
is the *feast*  
we seek...



...the man  
that will give us  
this world!

# A Groat'sworth of Wit

STORY  
GARETH ROBERTS  
PENCIL ART  
MIKE COLLINS  
INKS  
DAVID A. ROACH  
COLOURS  
JAMES OFFREDI  
LETTERS  
ROGER LANGRIDGE  
EDITORS  
CLAYTON HICKMAN  
& SCOTT GRAY

who is he, uncle  
bloodfingert? i can't  
see into his mind...

because you're  
still too excited.  
*calm down!*

he is *robert greene*.  
poet and playwright.  
wracked with plague and bad  
living. swollen with conceit  
and self-opinion. writing a  
'heartfelt repentance' for  
the life he's led.

they *always*  
repent at  
the end...

*faker!* he's full of  
*spite and envy...* his  
hatred's the only thing  
*keeping him alive*. i  
can feel that...

and we  
can *use* it.  
woodsrape.  
look  
*closer...*

"...there is an upstart crow,  
beautified with our feathers,  
that, with his *Tygers* heart  
wrapt in a *Players* hide, supposes  
he is as well able to bombast  
out a blanke verse as the  
best of you...

"...and being an absolute  
*Johannes Factotum*, is  
in his owne conceit the  
onely *Shake-scene* in a  
countrie..."

uncle, he's  
*obsessed!*

and i see  
*one word* in his  
mind... the man  
he *hates!*

...*SPEARE SHAKESPEARE  
SHAKESPEARE SHAKESPEARE  
SHAKES...*

yes. his *rival*.  
an uneducated  
rural actor turned  
writer. nobody  
*important...*

yet.





oh, uncle...  
are we going to play  
with *time*? it's such a  
curious thing. how *can*  
they live as they do,  
*boxed up* in it?

watch and  
learn, boy.

ROBERT  
GREENE?

ZOUNDS!  
B-BE YE DEVILS?  
I REPENT...

ROBERT GREENE.  
YOU HAVE ONE  
GREAT DYING WISH.  
WE CAN GRANT  
THAT WISH.

YOU WANT  
TO SEE HOW  
YOU WILL BE  
REMEMBERED...

Y'ARE SENT TO  
TEMPT ME... OR  
YOU ARE FLIP-FLAP,  
SHADOWS OF  
MY FINAL  
THOUGHTS...

THEN WHAT'S  
THE HARM IN IT?  
WANT TO SEE  
THE FUTURE?

TAKE MY  
HAND...



quickly,  
boy, into his  
mind...



FOUR  
HUNDRED  
YEARS -- ENOUGH  
FOR YOU, I  
HOPE?

FOUR HUNDRED  
YEARS... A SCORE OF  
GENERATIONS...

...AND I WAS  
LIKE "WHAT?" AND  
SHE WAS LIKE  
"YEAH"...

...I'M JUST  
POPPING  
INTO TESCO  
METRO...

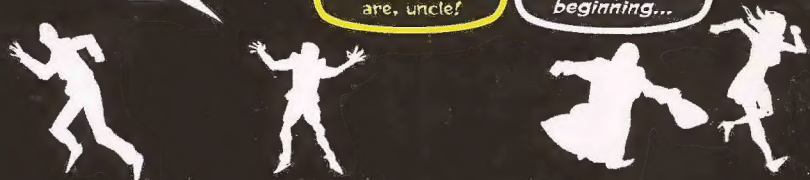
...SORRY,  
SORRY, JUST  
LEAVING THE  
STATION NOW,  
SEE YOU IN  
FIVE...

BEHOLD, STRANGE WANTON  
CITIZENS! AM NOT I ROBERT  
GREENE, MOST EXCELLENT POET  
RENOWNED THROUGH THIS ISLE! I AM  
RETURNED TO YOU! GAZE ON MY  
SWEET COUNTEenance!

HOLD!

hee! what fools  
these humans  
are, uncle!

gently, boy, *this*  
is only the  
beginning...















NOW ROBERT GREENE, HE WAS THE GUY THAT WROTE ABOUT SHAKESPEARE ON HIS DEATHBED. A PAMPHLET, "A GROATSWORTH OF WIT".

GAVE A BIG CLUE TO THE DATING OF THE EARLY STUFF, CAUSE HE QUOTES FROM ONE OF THE HENRYS, AND HE DIED IN 1592.

LUCKY HE WROTE ABOUT THE BARD, OR WE'D NEVER HAVE HEARD OF HIM. HEH!

see, woodscrape? this is *real* human anger! we can work with this!

SHAKESPEARE IS REMEMBERED... AND ROBERT GREENE IS NOT?

LIKE I SAY, ONLY REALLY FOR WHAT HE TOLD US ABOUT SHAKESPEARE, YEAH...



ANYWAY, 'SCUSE ME, THINK IT'S MY BREAK...

OH, YE SPRITES, YOU TORTURE ME...

BUT YOU CAN USE THAT TORTURE, GREENE.

FEEL OUR POWER, INSIDE YOU... GROWING...



LET IT LOOSE!

THHHHHRRRKKKK!



YOU OKAY?

DOCTOR, WAS THAT AN ALIEN?

NAH, HUMAN. BY THE LOOK OF THE TOGS, ELIZABETHAN. THAT'S ALMOST WORSE!

UH-OH. ROSE, YOU EVER HEARD OF ROBERT GREENE? PLAYWRIGHT? "PRIAR BACON AND PRIAR BUNGAY"? BIG COMEDY HIT OF 1589...



SOUNDS HILARIOUS. MUST HAVE BEEN OFF SICK THE DAY WE DID THAT.

WELL, I RECKON THAT WAS HIM.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT A BIG CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER...



**THRRRRRKKKK!**

YOU WERE FORGOTTEN, ROBERT GREENE!

BUT HE LIVES ON -- EVERYWHERE ETERNALLY!

LET YOUR ANGER BURN!

AIEEE!!!

CALL THE POLICE!

**SCREEE!**

THAT TALENTLESS, BUMPKIN UPSTART... AND I A UNIVERSITY MAN! DOES LEARNING COUNT FOR NAUGHT?

AND EVEN IN THIS WILD WORLD, HIS EMPTY WORDS SING TO THEM?!

HE'S JEALOUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS JEALOUS OF TINA DOWNSTAIRS'S PLAYDOH MOP TOP HAIR SHOP WHEN I WAS LITTLE. BUT I GOT OVER IT...

AND I JUST STAMPED MY FOOT. I DIDN'T ROT HALF OF LONDON!

"SOMETHING'S DIRECTING HIM -- SOMETHING TERRIBLE..."

AND WE CAN GO OVER NOW TO LEICESTER SQUARE AND OUR ENTERTAINMENT CORRESPONDENT, LIZ GOLDING. LIZ, "SHAKESPEARE'S SHREW" IS ONE OF THE SUMMER'S BIG PREMIERES...

IT CERTAINLY IS, MATT, AND I'M JUST GOING TO GRAB A WORD WITH THE STAR, TY BAXTER, WHO PLAYS PETRUCHIO...

can't he tame her?

Shakespeare's **SHREW**

TY, DO YOU THINK THE MOVIE WILL APPEAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE?

YEAH, IT'S AN ETERNAL THEME, THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES, AND SHAKESPEARE HAS A LOT TO SAY ABOUT HOW MEN AND WOMEN RELATE...

THE TEST AUDIENCES ARE LIKE, COLLEGE KIDS AND THEY LOVED IT!

KNAVE!

YE BOMBAST COTTON CANDLE QUEAN! VANISH, MELT LIKE KITCHEN-STUFF!

he's building up again, uncle...

**THRRKZZZZM!!!**

MAY YOUR GUTS BE TURNED TO SHOETHREAD!

TH-THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DISTURBANCE HERE, MATT...

IS THIS ONE OF THOSE WIND-UP SHOWS?











# DOCTOR • WHO

## The Christmas Invasion

*An exclusive preview of David Tennant's debut adventure!*

## Steven Moffat

*The poll-winning writer looks ahead to Series Two!*

2005  
REVIEW OF  
THE YEAR!

WORLD EXCLUSIVE!

# Billie Piper

*Rose Tyler's alter-ego lifts the lid on life and love in the TARDIS!*

## << The Cybermen are back!

*A twenty-first century makeover for a classic Doctor Who monster*

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THE PRESENT DAY. EVIL INCARNATE HAS ARRIVED IN LEICESTER SQUARE...

OH DEAR! HAVE OUR NASTY FACES ALARMED YOU IN SOME WAY?

DON'T THINK I'M VERY PRETTY? I'M HEARTBROKEN!

GET OFF THIS PLANET! OR I'LL --

OR YOU'LL WHAT? WITH WHAT?

LAST OF THE TIME LORDS... YOUR PEOPLE WERE ALWAYS IN OUR WAY... NOW, YOU'RE ANGRY, AND THAT'S FUNNY, BUT WHAT WOULD REALLY UPSET YOU?

I THINK I KNOW, UNCLE...

WUURRAAAAAAHHH

I'M BETTING THAT ISN'T THE END OF IT.

IT ISN'T, TARDIS, QUICK!

THE SHADEYS USE NEGATIVE ENERGY. ANY STRONG BAD EMOTION GIVES THEM POWER, LETS 'EM IN.

LIKE GREENE, BEING JEALOUS OF SHAKESPEARE?

YEP. THEY'VE TAKEN A DYING MAN AND TURNED HIS HATRED AND BILE UP TO ELEVEN --

GIVING THEM THE POWER TO CRUSH YOUR PLANET.

SO WHAT ARE THEY?

SHADEYS. THEY'RE FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION -- ALWAYS TRYING TO GET INTO THIS ONE, RIP OUR TIME AND SPACE TO BITS!

MY PEOPLE PUT UP DEFENCES TO KEEP THEM OUT. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FAILING.



NOW THEY'RE  
PLAYING WITH ME.  
THEY COULD DESTROY  
THE EARTH HERE AND  
NOW, BUT THEY WANNA  
GET TO ME. AND  
WHAT REALLY  
GETS TO ME?

WELL, GIVEN  
THAT MY MUM ISN'T  
HERE...

NEXT DOWN  
ON THE LIST. HINT --  
OUR BIG ROW?

TIME! THEY'RE  
GONNA MUCK ABOUT  
WITH TIME!

THERE THEY GO...  
BACK TO 1592. AND  
WHAT'S GREENE GONNA  
DO FIRST WHEN  
HE GETS THERE?

OH MY  
GOD. HE'LL  
GO AND  
KILL...

...WILL  
SHAKESPEARE!

TAKE HEED! THE  
HOUSE OPENS IN FIVE  
MINUTES! WHERE IS  
SHAKESPEARE?

CONNING  
HIS PART.  
THERE!

"I AM IN SO FAR IN  
BLOOD THAT... ER...  
SIN WILL PLUCK ON  
SIN..." GAH! I WROTE THE  
WORDS. WHY CAN I NOT  
REMEMBER THEM?!

# A Groatsworth of Wit

STORY GARETH ROBERTS PENCIL ART MIKE COLLINS INKS DAVID A. ROACH  
COLOURS JAMES OFFREDI LETTERS ROGER LANGRIDGE  
EDITORS CLAYTON HICKMAN & SCOTT GRAY



THE ROSE THEATRE, PREMIERE NIGHT OF RICHARD III. I'VE GOT US HERE BEFORE THE SHADEYS, AND THERE'S LITTLE WILLY, ALIVE AND WELL.

THAT'S SHAKESPEARE?  
OKAY... SO WHY DON'T YOU GO OVER AND HIGH FIVE HIM? YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME YOU DON'T KNOW HIM?

'COURSE I DO. KNOWN HIM FOR AGES. JUST NOT YET.

GREENE'LL BE HERE SOON. YOU DISTRACT SHAKESPEARE, GET HIM AWAY, THEN I'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE.

DISTRACT HIM? HOW? WITH A HEY NONNY NONNY?

WON'T TAKE MUCH, DESPITE THE RUMOURS, HE'S STRAIGHT. VERY STRAIGHT. I'D DO THE SAME FOR YOU IF IT WAS MARLOWE!

HIYA! I MEAN -- GOOD DAY, KIND SIR.

AWAY! I AM ABOUT TO PERFORM, DO NOT

AH! GOD'S BODKIN, AN IMPUDENT NYMPH! TARRY, RASH WANTON...

ER, RIGHT, I, ROSE TYLER, COME STRAIGHT FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST... WHO IS STILL ALIVE, I HOPE... SHE MUST SEE YOU AT YOUR HOME, NOW!

A ROYAL AUDIENCE? I EXPECTED NO LESS! ALL TOLD, I AM GOD'S GIFT TO THE THEATRE -- AS WELL AS TO THE LADIES!

THE PLAY MUST AWAIT THE PLAYER... LET US VANISH, GENTLE ROSE!

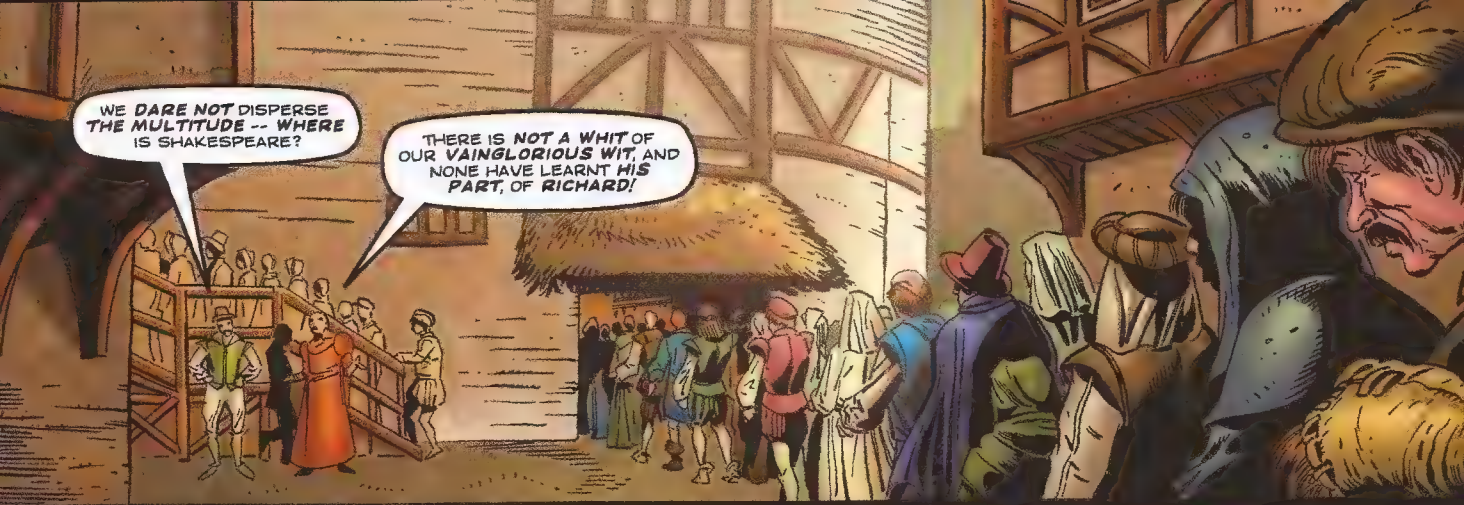
THAT WAS QUICK. WELL DONE!

YOU DO REALISE SHAKESPEARE IS HITTING ON ME?

ONE FOR THE MEMOIRS.

AND HE AIN'T NO JOSEPH FIENNES...



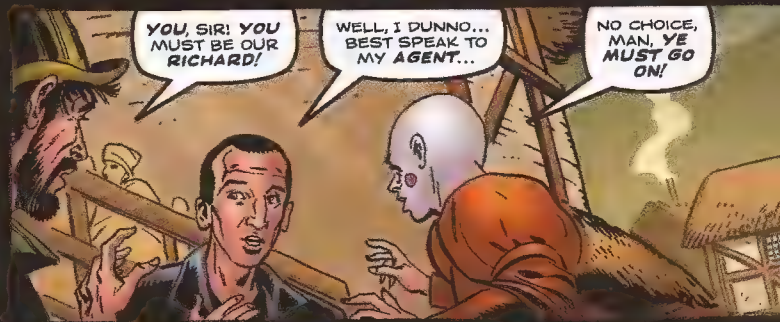


WE DARE NOT DISPERSE THE MULTITUDE -- WHERE IS SHAKESPEARE?

THERE IS NOT A WHIT OF OUR VAINGLORIOUS WIT, AND NONE HAVE LEARN'T HIS PART, OF RICHARD!



"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT MADE GLORIOUS SUMMER BY THIS SUN OF YORK..."



YOU, SIR! YOU MUST BE OUR RICHARD!

WELL, I DUNNO... BEST SPEAK TO MY AGENT...

NO CHOICE, MAN, YE MUST GO ON!



MY HOME, BUT A SHORT WALK FROM THE ROSE... AND NOW THE ROSE IS IN MY HOME! HA-HA!

AND MY ENGLISH TEACHER SWORE BLIND HIS JOKES WERE FUNNY...



NO QUEEN? I HAVE IT -- A PLOY TO WREST ME TO YOUR SIDE!

HANG ON, AREN'T YOU MARRIED?



O ROSE, SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY?

IF YOU WANT, BUT IT'S NOT GONNA GET YOU ANYWHERE...



RUTISH STILL, SHAKE-SCENE!





MAY YE BE CURSED WITH THE NEAPOLITAN BONE-ACHE!

YOU TELL HIM, DEAR ROBERT!

gently, woodscrape!

WHY, HERE HE COMES -- HATE-ALL, CURSE-ALL GREENE, DEBOSHED FISH, WITH A NEW TRIFLING DEVIL SHOW! HA-HA! I AM NOT BULLED!

THIS... THIS PRANCING BRAGGING CORE OF VANITY IS HELD A GENIUS? AND I AM TO BE FORGOT?

BUT NOW YOU CAN CHANGE WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN.

END HIM NOW AND HE WILL NEVER ECLIPSE YOU...

WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

P'SHAW! BE NOT AFRAID OF SHADOWS, ROSE!

I AM NOT AFRAID OF THIS CLAY-BRAINED FOOL! 'TIS BUT AN ILLUSION...

COME ON! THOSE THINGS ARE REAL, THEY'RE GONNA KILL US!

THHHHRRRKKKK!

HA! "ROUGH MAGIC" INDEED! "DREADFUL MINISTERS OF HELL" -- PISH!

GOD! DON'T YOU EVER SHUT UP! COME ON!





"...WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOUR WOODED? WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOUR WON? I'LL HAVE HER BUT I WILL NOT KEEP HER LONG!"

YE BANDOGE VILLAIN, RICHARD!

VARLET!



"WHAT? I THAT KILLED HER HUSBAND AND --"

DOCTOR, YOU GOT IT WRONG! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

WHA...? WHO STRUTS ON MY STAGE?



the power is building, building...

i told you it was worth waiting, woodscrape, drink in their horror, boy...

I WILL SEND THY SOUL TO HELL, WILL SHAKESPEARE!

AIEEEE!!!

FREEE!

'TIS THE PESTILENCE!



RUDE TRICKS AND FRIPPERIES! TUSH... AND THIS HUMP IS MINE, DOG!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE?

BEING UPSTAGED! AND IT'S ONLY GONNA GET WORSE...



GREENE -- LISTEN TO ME! THEY'RE USING YOU!

KILL HIM AND THEY'LL TAKE ALL THE HORROR AND HATE IN YOUR HEART AND DESTROY THE WORLD! YOU WANNA DO THAT? JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE FORGOTTEN?

YOU DO IT AND NOBODY'LL REMEMBER YOU -- THEY'LL ALL BE DEAD!

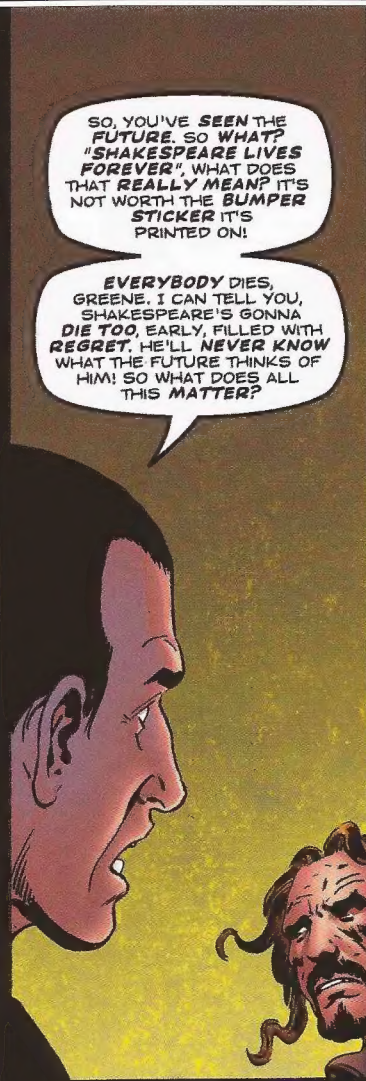




IGNORE THIS PEASANT, FRIEND ROBERT!

KILL SHAKESPEARE! KILL THEM ALL!

THEY DESERVE TO DIE!



SO, YOU'VE SEEN THE FUTURE. SO WHAT? "SHAKESPEARE LIVES FOREVER", WHAT DOES THAT REALLY MEAN? IT'S NOT WORTH THE BUMPER STICKER IT'S PRINTED ON!

EVERYBODY DIES, GREENE. I CAN TELL YOU, SHAKESPEARE'S GONNA DIE TOO, EARLY, FILLED WITH REGRET. HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE THINKS OF HIM! SO WHAT DOES ALL THIS MATTER?



HE IS GREATER THAN ME, AND HE MUST DIE!



NO, GREENE! YOU HAVE TO DIE! SO THE FUNNY, BEAUTIFUL WORLD... THE ONE YOU BELIEVED IN AND WROTE ABOUT... SO IT CAN LIVE!



YES... YES, MAYHAPS...

uncle! we're losing him!



I KNOW NOT WHAT THIS TRICKERY CONTAINS, I CANNOT FOLLOW A SINGLE WORD OF YOUR ANTICS...

NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS...



BUT IT'S TYPICAL YOU, TRYING TO SPOIL MY BIG NIGHT!



at last!  
prepare to  
feast!

OH GREAT!  
SHIFT IT, BILLY-  
BOY! AND KEEP  
SCHTUM!

OOF!

DOLT! SCOUNDREL!  
NO, DOCTOR -- I SHALL  
DO IT! ANNIHILATE HIM  
AND FLOOD THIS EARTH  
WITH MY HATE!

**OOF!**

**NO! STOP  
THIS, GREENE!  
STOP THIS  
AND I'LL  
REMEMBER  
YOU!**

**BIGGER THAN SHAKESPEARE!**

PLEASE...

**MAKING HIS  
CHOICE. YOUR  
PLANET'S IN  
HIS HANDS.**

**BEGONE,  
YE FIENDS!**

BEGONE, YE FIENDS!

EEEEAAAAGGGHHHHHHH!!!





yyiiiaaahhh...

uncle,  
we should've  
done it my  
way--

SSSSHHWWWWIIIPPPPPii

A GOODLY DISPLAY,  
THE **VANISHING**, BUT YOU  
WON'T **STOP** ME WITH  
SUCH **TRICK-SHOWS**!

**FANTASTIC!** CAST  
BACK TO THE **HOLE** THEY  
CAME FROM!

WHERE'S  
**GREENE**?

"WHERE **HISTORY** SAYS  
HE **SHOULD** BE, ROSE...  
DYING IN THE HOUSE OF  
A POOR SHOEMAKER.

"FILLED UP WITH  
**ENVY** AND **HATRED**,  
THEY SAID. BUT I  
**DON'T** THINK SO.  
NOT ANY MORE..."

BIGGER... THAN...  
**SHAKESPEARE**...



POOR  
OLD  
**GREENE**.

EVERYBODY GETS  
**FORGOTTEN** IN THE  
END, ROSE. BEST TO  
MAKE THE MOST OF  
LIFE WHILE YOU'RE  
STILL AROUND.

I S'POSE  
IT'LL HAPPEN TO  
ME ONE DAY...

NOPE.  
NO WAY.

NOBODY'S  
EVER GONNA  
FORGET  
YOU...



THE  
END.

Mike +  
DAVID 5